Looke yee Sir, ſhe lou'd her kinſman dearely,
And ſo did I. Well, we were borne to dye,
Wife wher's your daughter, is ſhe in her chamber?
I thinke ſhe meanes not to come downe to night.

Par: Theſe times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet calles him againe.

Cap: Sir *Paris*? Ile make a deſperate tender of my child.
I thinke ſhe will be rulde in all reſpectes by mee:
But ſofe what day is this?

Par: Munday my Lord.

Cap: Oh then Wenſday is too ſoone,
On Thurſday let it be: you ſhall be maried.
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or ſo:
For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo lately,
It will be thought we held him careleſſye:
If we ſhould reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.
But what ſay you to Thurſday.

Par: My Lorde I wiſhe that Thurſday were to morrow.

Cap: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
Fare well my Lord till Thurſday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is ſo very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.

Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierſt the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious ſtrakes
Doo lace the ſeuering clowdes in yonder East.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the myſtie mountaine tops.
I muſt be gone and liue, or ſtay and dye.

Iul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Then ſtay awhile, thou ſhalt not goe ſoone.

Rom: Let me ſtay here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt haue it ſo, I am content.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
Ile ſay it is the Nightingale that beares
The vaultie heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
And not the Larke the Meſſenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it ſo.
What ſayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.

Iul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away.
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay, the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion:

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